



The School Day Begins

It's Monday morning at 7:01.

You're still half asleep; your homework's half done.

Your shower is cold; your oatmeal's dry.
Your mother forgets to kiss you good-bye.

You're walking to school; it's thirty degrees.
Your fingers won't work; your toes and ears freeze.

Your zipper is stuck; your left sneaker squeaks.
Your backpack strap snaps; your soup thermos leaks.

You slip on school steps; you trip in the hall.
The toilet floods in the bathroom stall.

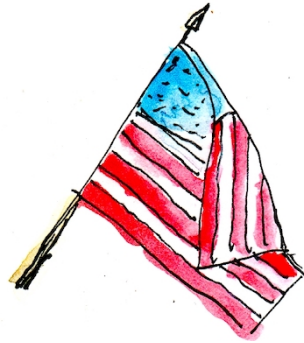
The gym door is locked; library's the same.
The principal greets you by the wrong name.

Your classroom is hot; the coat rack is packed.
Your bean sprout is dead; your clay pot is cracked.

Your pencils are dull; the sharpener jams.
Your fingers get crunched when your desktop slams.

Your math partner's gone; your neighbor is rude.
Your teacher's again in a crabby mood.

The morning bell rings; it is 8:01.
Come cozy up to the whiteboard,
Another school day's begun.



Pledge To The Flag

I pledge allegiance to the flag,
Above the blackboard every day.
So why must I repeat myself
Don't teachers believe what I say?



Writing a Poem

I can't do it; I never will
Impossible! I sit here still.
I'm just too dumb; I'm going home.
Teacher wants us to write a poem.

I've tried my best; can't write a line.
I'll throw a fit, complain, and whine.
I'll draw doodles; I'll waste my time.
Teacher can't make me write a rhyme.

I'm no rapper; no Dr. Seuss,
No poet and know it; that's my excuse.
I'm no rapper; I will admit.
Wait a minute; look what I wrote...

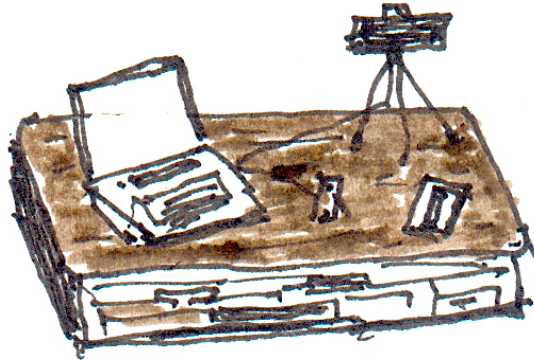
a poem.
I did it!



When Chuck Threw Up

We watched Chuck bend and his shoulders hunch,
Before we saw what he had for lunch.

Lucky Chucky could go home that day,
But in our classroom we had to stay.



Gone High Tech

You may have noticed, teacher,
I am not in school today,
But the wireless mic on my desk,
Will record each word you say.

Switch on my laptop's Web cam,
When you have something to show,
And if you pass out homework,
Find my fax number below.

I've a pager and smart phone,
So I won't be hard to reach.
Since I don't need to be in class,
I'll do lessons at the beach.

The Messy Desk Pest

Beware all you kiddies of the Messy Desk Pest,
Who will lurk inside any desk it can find messed.

It lolls among paper wads, marbles, stinky socks,
Banana peels, comic books, baseball cards, and rocks.

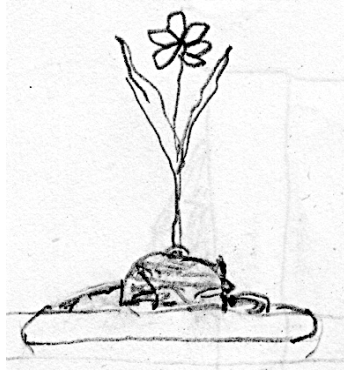
It nibbles pencils, gnaw pens, and white glue it slurps,
It chews chalk, chomps crayon, and ends with big burps.

It can erase answers, or pop the top an inch,
While you're getting paper, I'll give your nose a pinch.

Warning! During math be especially aware!
For the rude pest might reach out to snap underwear.

So you've been warned kiddies of the Messy Desk Pest.
Let this be a lesson: NEVER LEAVE YOUR DESK MESSED!





Boy With His Head Down

Miles had his head down on his desk.
He was the meanest brute.
His head's down on his desk so much,
It began taking root.

Slender shoots grew down from his ear,
And sank in the desk top.
Tiny buds sprouted from his hair,
Forming a flower crop.

We like Miles a lot better now,
But he can't come to play.
His head was on his desk so much,
We water him each day.



Dad's Going to Make It

Dad phoned from the East Coast,
While waiting for a flight.
He said that he'd make it,
To my school play tonight.

Dad phoned from an airplane,
Somewhere in the air.
And he gave his promise,
Tonight he would be there.

Dad phoned from the airport.
His plane had landed late.
The time was six-thirty.
The play began at eight.

Dad phoned from a taxi,
Stuck in a traffic jam.
He told me I was the most important person in the world to
I said I know I am.

Dad phoned from our kitchen.
He told me not to worry.
Ten minutes till show time.
I said he'd better hurry.

When the curtain went up,
On stage I searched the place,
And as I spoke my first line,
I saw Dad's smiling face.



The Homework Load

Not long ago the homework load,
Did Helen little harm.
She walked to school with one notebook,
Tucked in her little arm.

Homework increased until the girl,
Had no choice but to pack,
Binders and texts into a sack,
She strapped onto her back.

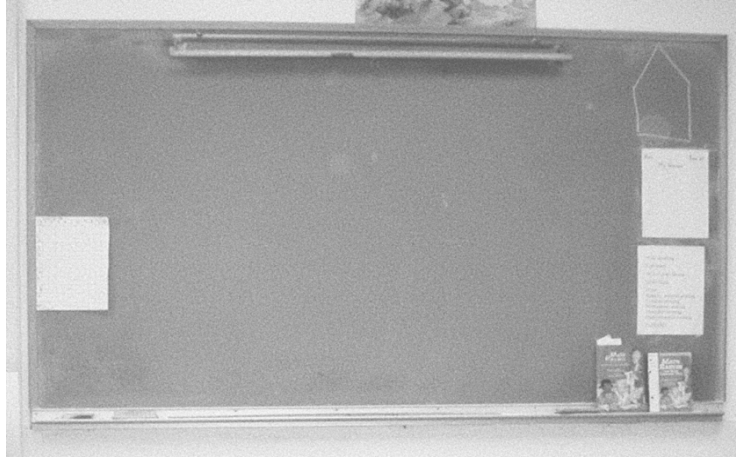
When her spine curved, and her back crooked,
Her shoulders apt to sag.
So Helen took to pulling books,
In a wheeled luggage bag.

As Helen grew, homework did too,
And fourth grade marked the start,
Of pushing homework to and fro,
In a large shopping cart.

Soon tractors towed her homework load.
Still Helen found no luck.
Now forklifts hauled her homework home,
And next a pick-up truck.

But still the work load grew and grew,
And the truck overran.
Sixth grade saw Helen driving home,
In a U-Haul moving van.

Helen's homework load reached its height,
When school closed in the fall.
For teachers assigned so much work,
Kids couldn't move at all.



School Boards

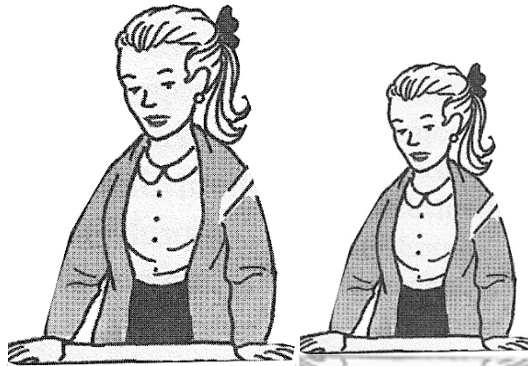
Our classroom has a green chalkboard.
The next classroom has a white board.
The hall has a bulletin board.
And the playground has a backboard.

The art room has colored cardboard.
And the lunchroom has a chess board.
Sometimes I might go overboard.
So now I'm in detention very bored.



Writer's Workshop

Our Writers' Workshop follows math,
We write and work nonstop.
But Writers' Workshop does not mean,
We ever get to shop.



Shrinking Teacher

I saw my last year's teacher.
Had she shrunk an inch or two?
It took me time to figure,
She was no shorter;
I grew.



Schoolwork Allergy

Doris had a bizarre disease.
When doing schoolwork she would sneeze.
“It’s just one of my allergies.
May I be excused--achoo!--please?”

Teacher asked for a doctor’s OK,
Which Doris brought in the next day.
So when teacher passed out work she’d say,
“Doris, you may go out and play.”

Doris would stand wearing a smirk,
She said, “I can’t touch this schoolwork.
My skin itches; my nose goes berserk.”
Then she’d hit the playground...that jerk.

“Doris is no dummy,” we all said,
With pages of work still not read,
So scratching ourselves toe to head.
We cried, “The allergy has spread!”



Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver

She dreams of singing on the stage,
But for now she's driving our bus.
And each day on the way to school,
She sings her arias for us.

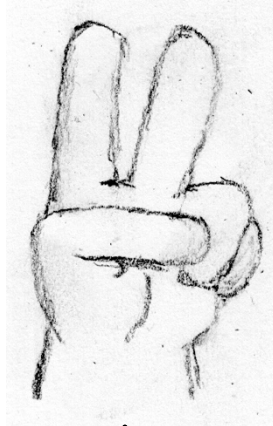
“La-la-la-la-laaaaa!” she warms up,
Folding open the school bus door.
“Me-me-meeeee!” she sings harmony,
With the bass of the engine roar.

Riding along, she'll belt a song,
Jaw wobbling as she grips the wheel.
Hitting the brakes, she hits high notes.
A prima donna duet squeal.

Once she wore a helmet with horns,
And warbled “Ho-jo-to-ho!”
She clutched the gear shift like a spear,
And the kids cheered, “Bravo! Bravo!”

When she sang Madame Butterfly,
She gave us an exciting ride,
Especially when at the end,
She gripped her kimono and died.

She dreams of singing on the stage,
Now librettos lie beside her.
Riding to class is classy because,
Oprah is our diva driver.



Two Fingers

Grandpa says they mean victory.
“It’s the peace sign,” my mother said.
But at school they’re called Bunny Ears,
When we hold them behind a head.

Teachers raise them to say ‘quiet’.
Scouts raise them when their oath’s begun.
But we just raise those Bunny Ears,
When we want to have silly fun.



Teacher's Pets

For lunch we ate the hot dogs,
That chased the copy cats,
That caught the computer mouse,
That worried the spelling bee,
That stung the early birds,
That gobbled the book worms,
That they stuffed into the hot dogs,
That we ate for lunch.
Ick

Handwriting

Bad Handwriting

Teacher says my handwriting is hard to read.
I could write neater, but I'd never tell her.
Since teacher cannot read any words I write,
She cannot tell I'm an even worse speller.



Classroom Stew

Add broken crayons, white chalk dust,
Pencil shavings, and scissors rust.
A pinch of paste, a dab of glue,
That's what goes into Classroom Stew.

Pour in black paint, six drops of ink.
Squeeze the sponge from the classroom sink.
Mix eraser crumbs, and hand soap goo,
That's what goes into Classroom Stew.

Sprinkle fish food, eight lumps of clay,
Silver glitter, papier-mâché.
Rubber cement, gum off your shoe,
That's what goes into Classroom Stew.

Stir it well; dump it in a cup,
Toast your teacher, and bottoms up.
Hold your belly before you spew.
Then flood the floor with Classroom Stew.



The Noise Expert

We each have special talents.
That is what our teachers tell.
Matthew is a whiz in math.
Sabrina does spelling well.

Drew's the best at Double Dutch.
Sam spits farthest of the boys.
But Tammy's skill tops them all.
She's a pro at making noise.

She slaps her cheeks, clicks her teeth.
Her belches are seconds long.
And with hands in her armpits,
She trumpets a catchy song.

She whistles through her fingers,
Or into a blade of grass.
She can blow on her forearm,
Imitating passing gas.

Her knuckles crack like gunshots.
Her two palms squeal with a squeeze.
Fingers snap like castanets,
She plays drum rolls on her knees

My report cards show straight A's,
I play soccer like a star.
What's that to Tammy's talent?
Someday that girl will go far.



How Substitutes Get Work

They each have teacher voodoo dolls,
And into them pins they stick.
So when they want to work at schools,
They can make our teachers sick.



Pleeeeeeeeeeeese

P_lease.

I'll do anything.

Pretty please.

Pretty please with sugar on top.

Please dipped in hot fudge, with whipped cream, and a cherry.

Oh, pleeeeeeeeeeeese.

I'll never ask for anything else for the rest of the school year.

I'll be good all day.

I promise.

I'll be the perfect student.

Pretty, pretty please.

Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeese.

Then what a shocker! Who could guess?

Teacher nodded and told me, "Yes."

I stood in my class so surprised,

Not till then did I realized,

During the time that I pleaded,

I forgot what I had needed.

A	Bee	Sea	Dee
Ee	Ef	Gee	Aych
Eye	Jay	Kay	El
Em	En	Oh	Pea
Queue	Are	Es	Tea
You	Ve	Double-	
you	Eks	Why	Zee

Ay Bee Seas

Ay Bee Sea,
Dee Ee Ef Gee,
Aych Eye Jay Kay,
Elemenopy.

Que Are Es,
Tea You Vee,
Double You,
Eks Why Zee.

Now that I've said,
My Aye Bee Seas.
Please tell me what are,
Elemenopies.

! , : " ? ' / ; ()

Punctuation

Cat claws to pause, small spots to stop.
Bats above balls tell us to shout!!!!
Canes query? (Smiles!) What're these keys? @#%^&.
Aren't hangnails for leavin' things out?

Dots... & dashes--"whiskers to talk",
<Sprinkled> about every *l*e*t*t*e*r;
"Decorations": for sentences-----
Don't # they # make # this-poem-look better?



U

No matter how much thinking I do,
I can't find a word that ends with U.

U begins hundreds of words we use,
And it always must come after Q's.

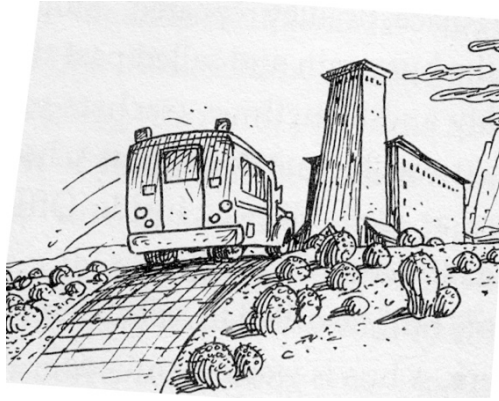
Side by side they make a W.
I know that letter ends quite a few.

But who knows a word that ends in U?
Do you?

etcetera

Etc.

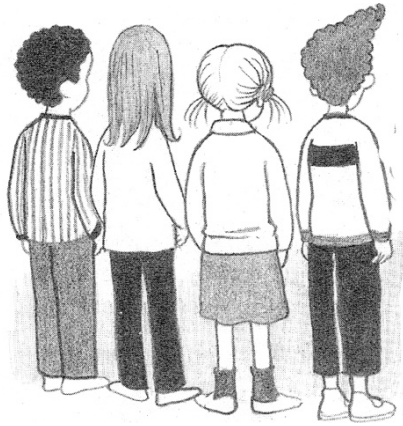
Here's three handy letters,
E...T...C and a dot.
Stick them in your story.
They'll think you know a lot, etc.



The Field Trip

Today we toured an art museum.
Teacher said we learned much.
We saw expensive masterpieces,
And things we couldn't touch.

We all enjoyed the art museum,
But the most fun for us,
Was singing songs and making faces,
Riding back on the bus.



Fire Drill

The one time the playground was quiet.
The only time I saw no riot.
The only time it gave me a thrill,
When I stood still during a fire drill.

I saw circles and four-square designs.
I saw airplanes above draw more lines.
I saw patterns of streets on the hill,
When I stood still during a fire drill.

I heard a breeze strum tetherball strings.
I heard it rattle chains on the swings.
I heard the monkey bars toot and trill,
When I stood still during a fire drill.

I felt the sunshine bounce off my nose.
I smelled tacos from the gym windows.
Who knows the wonders you miss until,
You stand still during a fire drill?



Behold the excellent X,
It expects no excuses.
Dictionaries give it one page.
But it has many uses.

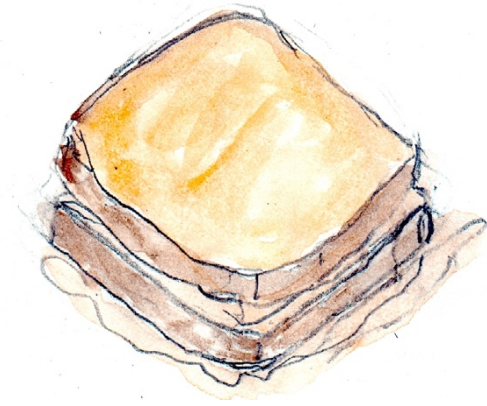
In math it means multiply.
It fills squares in Tic-Tac-Toe.
Romans counted it as ten.
It's a kiss when with an O.

On bottles it says don't drink.
Coaches draw it for a play.
And when written before mas,
It becomes a holiday.

On treasure maps it marks spots.
With Brand X you can not tell.
Sign on the line beside it.
It's jumbo before an L.

It names a generation,
Or sports that daredevils do,
It's the last name of Malcolm,
And a ray that sees straight through.

So if math problems stump you,
Don't sit at your desk and pout.
Use this exciting letter,
And X the whole thing out



Sand Sandwich

I bit it.

I spit grit.



Cold Hands

“My hands are sooooo cold.
My hands are sooooo cold.”
The kindergartner cried.
Teacher said, “Find your pockets,
And stick your hands inside.”

“I juuuuuuuuuust can’t.
I juuuuuuuuuust can’t,”
We heard the boy declare.
“There’s no room in my pockets.
My mittens are in there.”



Jerome's Lunch

Most kids in class bring a lunch from home.
All except one boy who's named Jerome.

Most kids charge to lunch as if in a race.
"Why rush?" says Jerome. "I've reserved my place."

A maître d' greets Jerome in the gym.
He bows and hands a long menu to him.

"Good day, sir," the man says, clicking his heels.
"Your chef's prepared you a choice of fine meals."

Jerome sits at the end of our table.
We try to ignore him, but who is able?

China plates are set, one just for his roll,
Two spoons, four forks, three knives, and finger bowl.

A tuxedoed man steps forward to say,
"My name is Pierre, sir; I'm your waiter today."

We take out sandwiches, and start to munch,
While listening to Jerome order his lunch.

"For my first course a dozen oysters, please.
Some caviar, and a wedge of brie cheese.

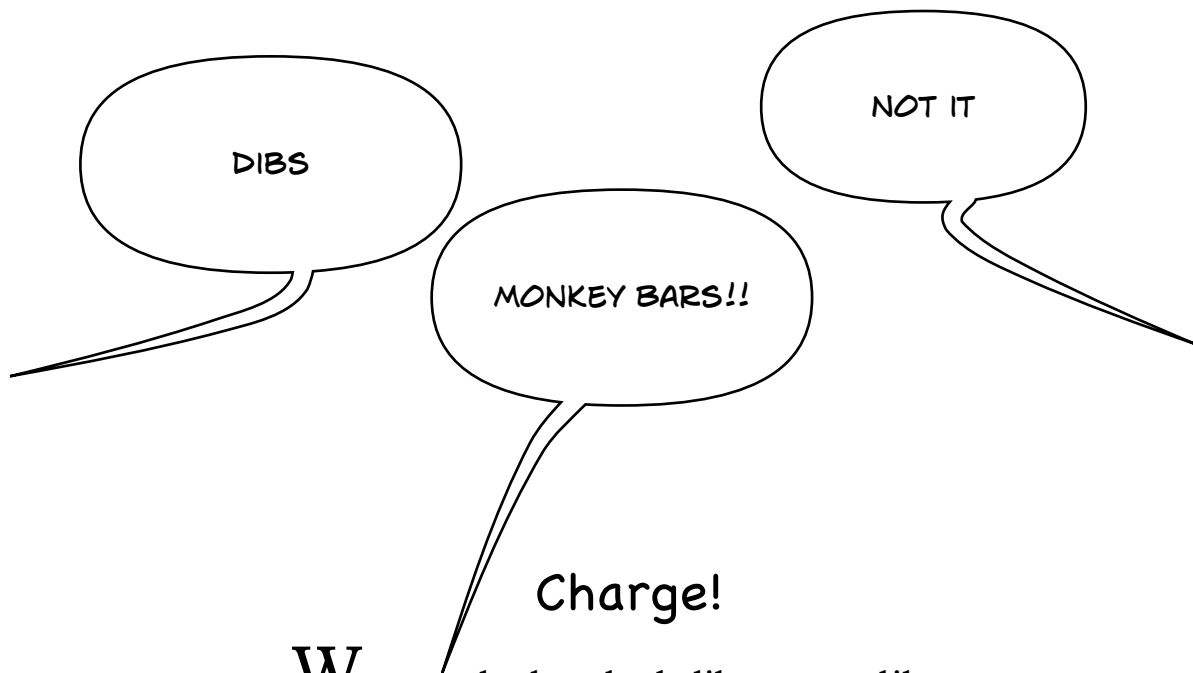


Cuts

I gave cuts to Larry, and he gave cuts to Jim.
Jim gave cuts to Cory; Mac cut in front of him.

Mac gave cuts to Alex, and he gave cuts to Lee.
Dan took cuts before Tom, and he gave cuts to
me.

And when we left for recess, out the classroom
door,
Every boy in our line, stood where he was before.



We watch the clock like crocodiles,
With recess as our feast.
We CHARGE! out of the classroom door,
The second we're released.

We CHARGE! across the playground yard.
Favorite games resume,
But when we hear the whistle blow,
We CHARGE! back to our room.



Doing the Book Report Due Tomorrow

My book report is due tomorrow.

Mom calls me a procrastinator.

Although I have yet to choose a book,
I guess I will sooner or later.

Parents don't know book reports have changed.

Who needs to read the book anymore?

Tonight before my report is due,

I'll stream the film from an online store.



Crazy

Teacher says I make her crazy.
I drive her up the wall.
She says I rub her the wrong way.
Teacher's not well at all.

Teacher says I get on her nerves.
I'm a pain-in-the-neck.
She says that I can make her scream.
Teacher must be a wreck.

Teacher's at the end of her rope.
She says she's losing touch.
I hope teacher gets better soon,
Since I love teacher much.

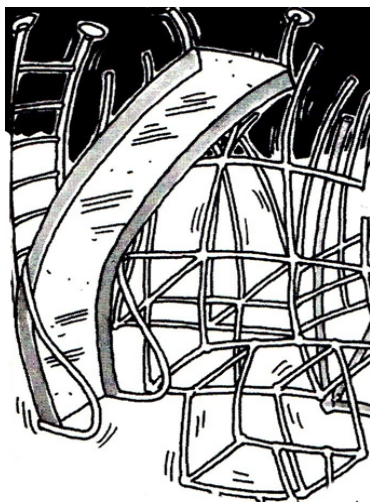


Turkeys

All the classrooms filled with turkeys,
The week before Thanksgiving Day.
Kindergartners traced around hands.
First-graders used papier-mâché.

Grade Two stuck feathers in pine cones.
Grade Three cut out a paper plate.
Grade Four pinned gumdrops on apples.
Grade Five stuffed bags to decorate.

We loved the turkeys at our school,
So imagine how we'll feel,
Tomorrow on Thanksgiving Day,
When we're served turkey at our meal.



Upside-Down Playground

They built the playground upside-down.
The jungle gym looks like a crown.
The tetherball still goes around,
But now it rolls along the ground.

The slide spirals into the air.
The climbing pole takes you nowhere.
The monkey bars are like train tracks.
To use them we must bend our backs.

The swings won't swing; the rings are dead.
We get drinks standing on our head.
The ball wall did an odd flip-flop.
The play fort floor is on the top.

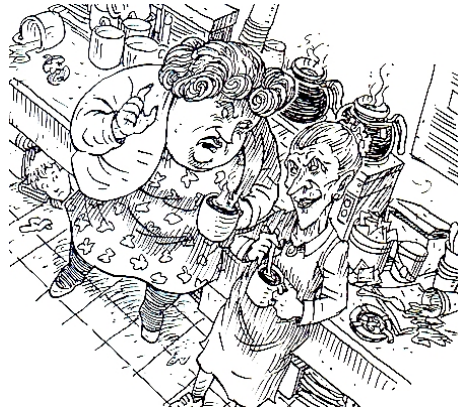
Basketball dunk shots are a breeze.
We start our bar twirls from our knees.
It's topsy-turvy recess play.
We're glad our dads built it this way.



Irene, Tetherball Queen

Like a nimble ballerina,
She'll rise up on her toes,
To swat the orb into orbit;
Around the pole it goes.
A crowd surrounds the white circle,
Watching the yellow sphere.
The ball and string it's tethered to,
Like magic disappear.
She's the best kid at tetherball,
The playground's ever seen.
No one in school can put her out,
Irene, Tetherball Queen.

She's neither strong or very long;
Sweet timing is her skill.
She picks her hits and knows the tricks,
To help her make a kill.
Way high and fast, the ball blows past.
She never lets it stop.
When the rope winds, the T-pole finds,
A turban at its top.
Won't make a lick of difference,
When she becomes a teen,
For now may she enjoy her rein,
Irene, Tetherball Queen.



Teacher Gasoline

The coffee teachers constantly drink,
Is what keeps teachers running, I think.



In the Library Reading

In the library there is a nook,
Where Larry takes his favorite book,
And spends the morning hours like a crook,
Because that's where teachers never look,
When Larry's in the library reading.

Fantasy is what Larry reads most.
To far off lands his mind might coast.
But too often he becomes engrossed,
And forgets the things he is supposed,
To when Larry's in the library reading.

Larry could care less what his grades are,
He forgets to add a "Books Read" star,
He thinks SSR is quite bizarre,
And book reports are boring by far.
He'd rather be in the library reading.

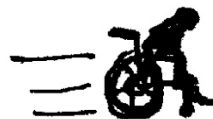
At the hour for reading groups to meet,
The teacher saw Larry's empty seat.
"Where's, Lawrence?" she said, not sounding sweet.
And again the class had to repeat,
"Larry's in the library reading."



Anonymous

I enjoy reading funny poems,
From Ogden Nash to Roald Dahl,
But of the poets that I read,
Anonymous is best of all.

Each time I read a funny poem,
With Anonymous below it,
I wonder why she's still unknown.
Who is this wonderful poet?



Winslow, the Wild Wheelchair Driver

Winslow whirred off in his wheelchair
When lowered from the bus.
He careened up the front door ramp,
And down the hall toward us.

We clapped and cheered as he came near.
Teachers yelled and scattered.
His chair rammed the janitor's cart,
And ten light bulbs shattered.

He peeled off in his seat of steel.
Through the office he flew.
When he knocked the copy machine,
A thousand papers strew.

He popped a wheelie, twirling twice,
And rolled down twenty stairs.
He took a corner on two wheels,
And bowled down twenty chairs.

His wheelchair was a silver streak,
Speeding across the gym.
He struck the stage and ricocheted,
With teachers chasing him.

Winslow zoomed into his room.
Toward his desk he tore.
He yanked the brake so tires would make,
Skid marks across the floor.

Running is not allowed in school.
Now one more rule we need.
The next day signs hung in the hall:

10 MPH Maximum Speed.



Our School Secretary

Seven band-aids, a bloody nose,
Forgotten lunches, bright hellos,
Twisted ankles, Ritalin pills,
Five calls home, two orange juice spills.

A lost jacket, a stain to soak.
An ice packet, zipper that broke
Ripped pair of pants, some muddy shoes.
Dog in the hall, a purple bruise.

Cupcakes to class, lozenge for throat.
Two peeved parents, a tardy note.
Janitor found, a stomach ache.
Papers copied, announcements to make.

Our secretary has lots to do.
We think she helps our principal, too.



Mixing Paints

Yellow and blue gives you green.
For purple blend blue and red.
But I like mixing all paints,
So I can get black instead.



Zach Zucchini

“**G**et in ABC order!” our teacher commands,
So poor Zach Zucchini is the last one who stands.

Zach’s the last to line up, and he’s last down the hall.
Zach’s last out to recess, never getting a ball.

Zach’s last in the lunchroom, so he gets the worst seat.
Zach’s left the worst milk carton and hot dog to eat.

Zach’s last to assemblies and must sit in the rear.
Zach never sees the speaker; he can never hear.

Zach’s turn is last for class duties and last to speak.
Zach’s last to get handouts and last Star of the Week.

So listen students with last names X, Y, or Z.
Avoid being last; switch to an “A” family.



Hans's New Clothes

Hans marched onto the playground,
For the Halloween parade.
Goblins and ghouls were lined up,
Kindergarten to fifth grade.

Music played and the line moved.
In his costume Hans felt proud,
But as he circled the field,
A hush fell over the crowd.

The parents gasped; the parents gawked.
All video cams turned off.
Some boys pointed; some girls laughed.
They could hear their teachers cough.

“Guess who I am?” Hans announced.
“Now who do you suppose?
I’m from a story my class read.
Do you like my fine new clothes?”

“The Emperor!” the kids cried.
“That’s the best costume ever!”
“From the Hans Anderson tale!”
“How creative! How clever!”

The parents in the crowd scowled.
Angry shouts blared everywhere.
“Someone put clothes on that kid!
That boy’s stark, buck-naked bare!”



My Journal

This afternoon I wrote in my journal.
We had to write about what we did today.
I wrote about writing in my journal,
And here's what I had to say:

This afternoon I wrote in my journal.
We had to write about what we did today.
I wrote about writing in my journal,
And here's what I had to say:

This afternoon I wrote in my journal...



Crabby Mood

Don't make noises. Don't be rude.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Don't be silly. Don't intrude.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Don't complain. Don't get stewed.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.

Don't be lazy. Do not feud.
Teacher's in a crabby mood.



Class Pictures

In preschool I wore pigtails.
Did I ever look that young?
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In first grade I stood in back.
Overnight my height had sprung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In fifth grade I wore blue jeans.
Past my shoulders my hair hung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In eighth grade I had pimples.
The braces on my teeth stung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In tenth grade I wore makeup.
My shirt and skirt tightly clung,
And Joe stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.

In my graduation picture,
I faced the future unsung,
But Joe still stood in the front row,
Sticking out his tongue.



Last Day

Rah! Rah! Sis-boom-bah!
Hip! Hip! Hip! Hooray!
Ta-daaa! Ooo-la-laaa!
At last, the last day!

Va-va-voom! I'm free!
Adios! Hear! Hear!
Whoopee! Yessiree!
So long, long school year!

Welcome to summer.
Lazy days adored,
But what a bummer.
Already I'm bored.